

# THE AMARANTH.

A SEMI-MONTHLY PUBLICATION, DEVOTED TO POLITE LITERATURE, SCIENCE, POETRY AND AMUSEMENT.

VOLUME I.

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NUMBER 2.

## THE MUSES' COLUMN.

Original.

### The Offered Gift.

BY MISS FRANCES A. FULLER.

Shall I send thee when the green leaves come,  
A wild-flower from the woods,  
To show thee I have been among  
Their breathing solitudes?

And wilt thou read upon its leaves  
Heart-thoughts from me to thee,  
And let it waken once again  
The voice of memory?

Ah, say thou wilt, for even now  
The sunshine and the fair moonlight,  
Have filled my heart with yearnings wild,  
And visions of the soft and bright;

"The mem'ry of each holy eve,"  
The cadence of each low-toned word,  
Each meaning or unthinking act,  
Returns again, is seen, or heard.

Oh, if the past was ever dear,  
Bid me recall its light once more;  
Though if it only be a dream,  
And fleeting as it was before!

Still, still, it was so wildly sweet,  
I fain would dream it o'er again;  
Then bid me send my humble gift,  
Nor let its language be in vain.

Orange, O.

Original.

### TRUTH.

Ne'er bloomed a richer, holier flower  
In Eden's amaranthine bower,  
Whose witching fragrance lulls to sleep,  
The playful zephyrs as they creep  
On noiseless tiptoe through the grove,  
To toss the garments nature wove  
High in the air, and scatter wide  
Her boasted beauty and her pride,  
Than TRUTH, a germ which Heaven's own hand  
Implanted in the human mind:  
An evergreen of richest hue,  
Its petals ever spreading new,  
Fanned by the spirit-zephyrs mild,  
Of Innocence, pure and undefiled,  
Fostered by the eternal Jove,  
And reared in honor by his love.  
'Twill be transplanted to his throne  
When gray-haired Time his race has run,  
To bloom in brightest majesty  
In the bower of Eternity.

Hayesville, Ohio.

ROENA.

The flower beheld the star above,  
And longed to reach its airy love,  
But longed in vain. A dew-drop fell  
Into the rich and fragrant bell,  
And then the star was imaged there,  
As though it dropped from upper air,  
And glancing down from heaven had come  
To seek on earth a kindred home.

Selected.

### The Forsaken to the False One.

BY T. H. BAYLEY.

I dare thee to forget me!  
Go wander where thou wilt—  
Thy hand upon the vessel's helm,  
Or on the sabre's hilt;  
Away! thou'rt free! o'er land and sea,  
Go rush to danger's brink!  
But oh, thou can'st not flee from thought:  
Thy curse shall be—TO THINK!

Remember me, remember all—

My long enduring love,  
That link'd itself to perfidy:  
The Vulture and the Dove.  
Remember, in thy utmost need,  
I never once did shrink,  
But clung to thee confidently:  
Thy curse shall be—TO THINK!

Then go! THAT thought will render thee  
A dastard in the fight,  
THAT thought when thou art tempest-toss'd,  
Will fill thee with affright;  
In some wild dungeon may'st thou lie,  
And counting each cold link  
That binds thee to captivity,  
Thy curse shall be—TO THINK!

Go seek the merry banquet hall,  
Where younger maidens bloom,  
The thought of ME shall make thee THERE  
Endure a deeper gloom;  
THAT thought shall turn the festive cup  
To poison while you drink,  
And while false smiles are on thy cheek,  
Thy curse shall be—TO THINK!

Forget me! false one, HOPE it not!  
Where minstrels touch the string,  
The memory of other days  
Will gall thee while they sing;  
The airs I used to love will make  
Thy coward conscience shrink.  
Aye every note will have its sting:  
Thy curse shall be—TO THINK!

Forget me! No that shall not be!  
I'll haunt thee in thy sleep—  
In dreams thou'lt cling to slimy rocks  
That overhang the deep;  
Thou'lt shriek for aid! MY feeble arm  
Shall hurl thee from the brink,  
And when thou wak'st in wild dismay,  
Thy curse will be—TO THINK!

A PATHETIC APPEAL.—They have a way of doing up things in the "Parmaic" order at the office of the New Orleans Picayune, altogether unique. This is the way they dun there:—

Meet, oh! meet me, I implore you,  
Meet where most I may adore you,  
'Neath the shadow of the bower,  
Meet me there, or where you will,  
Meet, and—pay that little bill.

Who seeks to please all men each way,  
And not himself offend;  
He may begin his work to-day,  
But God knows where he'll end.

## THE SKETCHER.

Original.

### Passages in the Life of Pocahontas.

It was a beautiful evening in June. The sun had retired to rest behind the distant hill, and the pale fair moon had thrown her silvery mantle over the surrounded scenery.

The bright sparkling water of the James, seemed lulled to rest, and all around was still as death.

A short distance from the river, stood a grove of noble Sycamores, under whose shade reclined three Indian maidens. The youngest appeared to be but a child, not more than thirteen years of age. She was the very picture of an Indian beauty. Her form was very slight, her eyes of melting brightness, and amid the braids of her long black hair, were shining trinkets. She was in a recumbent posture, her hands clasped, and her face turned upwards. One of the maidens was weaving a wreath of delicate flowers, but not a word was spoken.

At length a sigh from the young princess (for such was her rank) broke the stillness, and she exclaimed, "No he shall not die, the Great Spirit loves the white man. In a dream the Great Spirit showed me a pale Eagle, and the Great Spirit covered the Eagle with his own wings, so that it could not be hurt." Scarce had the words passed her lips, when a distant plashing of the water was heard, and the next moment a little canoe shot under the shade of the maple at the landing, and the tall and majestic form of a red man stood before her:

"Flower of the forest, the Beaver has found thee."

The maiden turned her eyes upon him but answered not.

"The Beaver is not welcomed by the Wild Flower, as he FORMERLY was," pursued the red man.

"The daughter of Powhatan is always glad to see her father's braves," replied the young girl.

The red man's eye flashed fire, but he dared not again answer the daughter of his king.

After a pause he informed her that he had been sent by her father to conduct her to her home.

Accompanied by her maidens, they entered the canoe, and were soon ploughing the "sea of molten silver."

\* \* \* \* \*

The next morning the Sun rose bright and clear, and shed a golden splendor over the forest, the lands, and the waters of the Red Man.

'Twas yet early when the doomed stranger was brought forth to die. The place of execution was a beautiful spot. It was a level lawn, carpeted by velvet turf, variegated by flowers and brilliant with a thousand gems. One solitary tree rose in majestic grandeur, and formed a shade, under which sat the King and his Chiefs with their families. On the right of Powhatan, bound fast to the tree, was the captive. His appearance was noble and striking. Firm determination was written upon his countenance, and undaunted courage was seen in every look; while his broad and expansive forehead, upon which clustered thick masses of dark hair, and his large restless eye, showed a lofty intellect, and a mind ever seeking for change and adventure.

Seated upon the ground, near the feet of her father, sat the Wild Flower, gazing upon the stranger with tearful eyes, that showed the interest she felt for him.

Scattered here and there, were various groups of the "dark sons of the forest," waiting in silent expectation the coming event.

At length, upon a given signal, the cord which bound him to the tree was cut. The queen Itasca presented him with a gourd of water that he might wash, and her sister, Moxahaba, with a bunch of feathers, to use as a napkin. The little princess, finding her father immovable, had now given up all hope of saving the "pale Eagle's" life. She took a garland of flowers from her own brow, and presented them to him. And thus prepared he was led forth. A mossy stone was brought from the side of a little stream, that would like a silver thread through the green sward, and placed under his head, soon to be stained with the life blood of one of God's intelligent creatures.

Slowly and proudly Powhatan arose, and taking his war club, advanced with erect form, and firm step.—The other chiefs ranged, in silence round. The giant arm of the king was already raised to strike the fatal blow; when his youthful daughter, with a shriek of terror, rushed forward and covered the body of the stranger with her own, at the same time imploring her father with all the "eloquence of mute, but impassioned sorrow," that he might live. The astonished savages were melted to sympathy. Powhatan raised his child from the ground, and proudly bade the prisoner accept of life and liberty!

Five years have passed away, and in spirit we are carried to the Cathedral of —

It is evening. A splendid silver chandelier, suspended from the dome of the building, sheds a dazzling light around. Magnificent splendor reigns.—Here is assembled the royalty, and nobility of England, waiting in breathless silence. Nothing disturbs the solemn stillness, save the sweet gushes of music that fall softly upon the ear. And while we listen enraptured to its varying cadences, the deep full notes of the organ burst forth, rolling like "billows of sound," through the lofty vaults. The music ceases, and at the altar, standing before the man of God, is a lovely female. Nay, start not though it be the Indian maiden. The Indian Maid—in a christian land—about to receive the holy rite of baptism. She stands calm and collected. She betrays no emotion. The water is poured upon her forehead, "Rebecca, I baptize thee in the name of the Father, the Son, and of the Holy Ghost." "Amen" bursts simultaneously from hundreds of voices. The swelling notes of the organ again fill the air. The Indian Maid is no longer the Wild Flower of the Forest, but has become the Christian Woman.

Ashland, O.

JUVENILE.

Original.

### The Burning of Rome.

ROME was in convulsions! Every where was bursting the indomitable spirit of revenge! Flames were raging in her streets, and fires of volcanic strength and fierceness were burning in the hearts of her citizens. Dark eyes gleamed madly, and many a hand sought impatiently the dagger-hilt. Rome had a king—an emperor—a man of might and power—a man to reign over Roman citizens! Ah, did they think so? Had he empire over one of his people, save the poor, meagre allegiance his gold won from a few base souls who loved his luxury and his dissipation? Aye, there was indeed a few whom he could depend upon to share his revels—his unparalleled debaucheries, but not one whom he dared call by the holy name of Friend—not one with whom he felt his life his own. And now, when the homes and property of his people were yielding to the devouring element—when distress as well as imprecations sounded on every side, where was the man appointed to rule the destinies of Romans? Look up! You should look up to kings

and emperors. Yes, look up, and behold on Rome's loftiest tower, a creature, a mortal man perhaps, dressed in all the extravagance of tinsel foolery—a veritable baboon! Yet this being of vice loves music, for listen he plays as well as dances—and his chosen song on this joyful occasion is the burning of Carthage.

Truly in the soul of this man exists the love of the sublime, of the fierce, wild magnificence of the raging but beautiful element. For he, the low actor of this mighty farce, hath planned it all himself; it was he who kindled this terrible flame; it is him alone who could stand singing and dancing amid this devastation. Yet this creature is the king of Rome! This Nero! What wonder they gnashed their teeth with rage; what wonder they yelled in their intense hate? He was dooming himself. Not a long time after the end of this act in his tragi-farical life, he was delighting his eyes with gladiatorial sports—that human butchery which so much contributed to the enjoyment of the monarch—but now were others glutting their passions with the thoughts of blood—of sure and immediate revenge. Surely not against their noble king! Yes, even so; he was not to them of half so much worth as the barbarians in the arena, "whose blood flowed to make a Roman holiday." At length to refresh himself he sought the waters of the Tiber, but dark, revengeful eyes kept watch, and Nero came not back—they had remembered THE BURNING OF ROME!

Ashland, O.

LUNA ELVA.

Original.

### REPOSE.

"Nor small the joy of rest to mortal man."

WHEN the busy and arduous toils of the day have been completed, nothing seems more congenial and certainly more desirable to man than Rest. Slumber, calm, sweet and peaceful, was given to man for a relaxation from his toils, and for the refreshment of his body and mind. Rightly used, it is an inestimable blessing; but when its design has been perverted, it is a blighting curse. It drowns the mental faculties, chills the finer sensibilities of the soul, and renders man sluggish and inactive. The pleasures of sleep are many. Man gently reposes on the soft and balmy wings of slumber, while his weary faculties are quietly enclosed in a curtain of rest.

Imagination, now unfettered, soars away to other climes; plays on the comet's fiery train, and travels through the dread immensity of space; surveys the extensive works of God; sports in the passing breeze, and judge-like, summons past, present and future events before its transitory bar; forms the most fantastic associations, the most fanciful scenes in one strange connection. Muse-like, it moves through the solitary grove, the desert wide, or forest deep; admires the towering pyramid, or walks in cities great; mixes with the busy throng; sees theatrical performances, and then turns upward and beholds the pale moon pouring its dim rays over the world, or the sparkling stars that glitter in the blue firmament above, shooting their silver rays through the ragged curtains that overspread the heavens. Pleasant walks and sequestered scenes, friends old, associates new; the joy, the mirth of laughing companions, are enjoyed by the gentle sleeper.

But delightful scenes are not *always* presented to the Dreamer. Sometimes frightful scenery is introduced, some great giant, some roaring lion, some midnight assassin approaches and the joys of peaceful slumber are broken or exchanged for frightful spectres, haggard looks and dying groans.

We admit that Dreams sometimes rise from disordered faculties, or an imagination sullied by some foolish romance; yet it must be admitted that many moral lessons are drawn from them, and leave impressions enstamped on the mind which cannot be defaced by years.

Sometimes the strongest passions which seem to fetter both body and mind have their deformities shown in all their glaring colors; things which are meditated upon but little during the busy toils of the day. The *delirium tremens*, with its frightful spasms, is presented to the inebriate. The gallows and the dungeon, to the pirate and midnight assassin. To the thief, deserted by his friends, shame. To the murderer, awful spectres. Dying groans greet the ears of the hero; the purple current is seen gushing from the wounds of the dying, and flowing along the plain; he sees, too, the carnage and misery of the battle-field, and worse than all, a victory lost. The tyrant beholds his ruined subjects, and hears their suppliant cries. The sufferings of defrauded men are arrayed in full glare before the frozen-hearted miser. Souls of the immortal dead seem to visit and hold sweet converse with us during the pleasant hours of slumber, and bring fresh to our memory old associations.

Ashland, O.

G. W. H.

Selected.

### Origin of our Planet.

THE inquiry into the probable physical origin of our earth is replete with considerations of an important and instructive kind, all tending to prove the harmony of Nature with herself, and the agreement of various independent facts connected with the original state of our globe. Thus, while chemistry, on the one hand, points out the gaseous form of the primary condition of matter, and as that in which our planet, in all probability, first existed, so astronomy, at the same time, reveals to us the truth that our earth, and the whole of the solar system of which it forms a part, must have condensed from a state of vapor, first into a fluid, and next into a solid condition, the sun being at once the source and the centre of the system, and throwing off in the process of rotation and condensation the planets which revolve around it. The truth is demonstrated by a variety of facts of interest, and by none more forcibly than by the law of destiny which prevails among the planets, those placed nearest the sun—as Mercury for instance—being heavier than lead, while those thrown further are found gradually to diminish in weight, until Uranus and the orb newly discovered are lighter than water. On our earth passing from the gaseous to the fluid condition, the sediments of these waters began to rise gradually above the surface, the alternations of dry land and water commenced, and all the vast and varied phenomena of life then had their rise upon our planet.—The earth retaining, as is the case at the present day, a source of subterranean heat, as is evinced by the phenomena of volcanoes, earthquakes and heated springs, throws out masses of melted matter to its surface, and those eruptive substances bursting through the sedimentary strata already formed, produced that variety of igneous and aqueous deposits, which by their decompositions into soils and earths, now give productive power and beauty to our globe. Such is a brief outline of the physical history of our planet, and of its progress to its present condition of harmony, utility and beauty, from that state of vapor into which it had passed, possibly from some other and different form of matter in which it had been previously permitted to exist. This view of the gaseous origin of the universe, embodying as it does the systems of Newton, Herschel and La Place, and confirmed as it is by the kindred sciences of astronomy, geology and chemistry, forms the most sublime and splendid idea of creative power and wisdom which it is, perhaps, possible for the mind to conceive, since it is obvious that the same Omnipotence which called our earth and its associate orbs from a state of vapor to their present condition, could at will reduce them to their elements again, again to resolve them into fresh worlds of being and future spheres of animated existence.



# EDITOR'S COLUMN.

"The only Amaranthine flower on earth is—Virtue:  
The only lasting treasure—Truth!"

ROBERT V. KENNEDY, EDITOR.

ASHLAND, O., MARCH 6, 1847.

## AGENTS FOR THE AMARANTH.

FRANCIS HAMMER, of Mansfield, is an authorized Agent for the "Amaranth," for that town and vicinity.

JOHN M. NAYLOR, is hereby authorized and respectfully requested to act as Agent for the Amaranth in Wooster and vicinity.

## To Correspondents.

Correspondents will particularly oblige us by sending in their favors EARLY. Let your articles be short and to the point. We wish to give our readers as much of a VARIETY as possible.

We are obliged to our Correspondents for the very interesting matter which they have enabled us to lay before our readers in this number. Continued favors from all our former and present correspondents are solicited, and will be gratefully received; and we earnestly invite others, without waiting for a special invitation, to become either regular or occasional contributors to the AMARANTH.

## What we intend to Do.

We intend to enlarge the AMARANTH to twice its present size at the end of the current year, if our friends will go to work and get us only HALF the number of subscribers that they might procure for us with the PROPER effort. We intend to make the Amaranth not only a welcome guest at every fireside, and in every lady's boudoir, but an honor to any community in which it may obtain a circulation—imparting instruction with amusement—blending the useful with the agreeable.

It is not our intention to make the AMARANTH a medium of NEWS—a chronicler of passing events—on the contrary, its matter will be as interesting to readers who shall pore over its pages ten or twenty years hence, as it is to those of the present day. Each subscriber should carefully preserve the numbers, as they appear, and at the end of the volume have them bound, for the use of "their children and their children's children."

We intend to publish a Title-Page and Index, for the Amaranth, at the end of the year.

## Our Success, Thus Far,

Has been very good. It is highly gratifying to know and REALIZE that our little paper meets with almost UNIVERSAL favor. We did not expect this at first. There are croakers and cavilers in nearly every community, who will find fault with EVERYTHING; and we were not sufficiently charitable to suppose that ours was altogether destitute of this class of bipeds. We therefore expected to encounter opposition; but have been agreeably disappointed, for, save an occasional grunt, indicative of jealousy, from the "old pottery," we have not heard a single individual speak of the Amaranth—and we have heard a very general expression of public opinion in regard to it—who did not bestow upon it a high meed of praise. Its typographical execution has been pronounced faultless, and its matter fully equal to that of Literary papers generally.

Wherever exertion has been made we have been very successful in getting subscribers. Nothing is wanted but a little effort on the part of our friends, to place the AMARANTH on a basis which will render it permanent.

Original.

## A DREAM.

Some dreams are useless; moved by turbid course  
Of animal disorder; not so all—  
Deep moral lessons some impress, that nought  
Can afterwards efface.—Pollok.

I do not dream frequently, or perhaps it would be more correct to say I do not often remember Dreams. But of all those fantastic and wild creations of fancy which have left any lasting impression on my memory, I remember of none which so forcibly recalled to my mind the language of the poet, as one which occurred to me a few nights since. I retired to rest after an evening spent in pleasant, and, I hope, not altogether unprofitable, social intercourse. A few moments of wandering, disconnected thoughtfulness passed, when the drowsy god, descending, sealed my eyes, and gently bore me in his soothing embrace far from this scene of toil and perplexity to the land of somniferous Elysium. Soon a wild and beautiful panorama burst upon my view. I was enjoying the pleasantries and hilarities of life in a beautiful declivity lawn, surrounded by tall and luxuriant forest trees. The area, of small extent, was alive with joyous human beings of both sexes, and every age; and the merry laugh and the sound of glad voices re-echoed through the deep forest with a sweetness and melody that no orchestra could equal. But suddenly, in a moment, "A change came o'er the spirit of my dream." The sky, before illumined by a bright and cheering sun, was overspread with clouds of most portentous hue, and fearfully ominous of the approaching desolation: not black and lowering, for that would have seemed a sight pleasing in comparison, but of a lurid and livid hue commingled. All, who were not completely overpowered at the sight, attempted flight, but in vain. The red and scorching artillery of Heaven was bursting in one continuous blaze from the rent and troubled clouds. A loud wail of anguish and inexpressible agony fell upon my ear; Oh! how it pierced my soul! but I thought not of succor; terror had banished every thought from my mind, save that of endeavoring to secure my own safety. But at the sound of lamentation, notwithstanding the wild uproar of the scene, I ventured to pause in my flight and look behind me. The fierce gleaming of the lightning disclosed to my view a picture that beggars all description. The scorched and blackened corpses of the young, the vigorous and the fair, strewed the ground in soul-sickening profusion, while the shrieks of the dying were beyond endurance! I turned to flee, if possible, to some place of greater safety; but affrighted nature sunk, and I fell exhausted to the ground! I thought the day of final retribution had arrived! The lightning was still incessantly bursting and blazing over my head and around me; I thought I heard it whistle past me in its rapid flight; I felt its hot breath fan my cheek. In my extremity, I cried for mercy and protection to the Maker of stars and the Director of the storms and lightnings of heaven; but in the midst of my distress and danger, I awoke, and the scene vanished! but one thought had remained, with considerable distinctness, impressed upon my mind; viz: That the day of death or final retribution will come to thousands, equally as suddenly and as unlooked for; and, to those who are unprepared for it, will bring misery and ruin, INFINITELY MORE INTOLERABLE!

Ashland, O.

AMICUS.

## Beautiful Extract.

At the recent meeting in New Orleans, for the relief of the Irish sufferers, the Hon. S. S. Prentiss made a speech, from which we take the following extract:  
"There lies upon the other side of the wide Atlantic a beautiful island, famous in story and in song. Its area is not so great as that of the State of Louisiana,

while its population is almost half that of the Union. It has given to the world more than its share of genius and greatness. It has been prolific in statesmen, warriors and poets. Its brave and generous sons have fought successfully all battles but their own. In wit and humor it has no equal; while its harp, like its history, moves to tears by its sweet but melancholy pathos. Into this fair region God has seen fit to send the most terrible of all those fearful ministers who fulfil his inscrutable decrees. The earth has failed to give her increase; the common mother has forgotten her offspring, and her breast no longer affords them their accustomed nourishment. Famine, gaunt and ghastly famine, has seized a nation with its strangling grasp; and unhappy Ireland in the sad woes of the present, forgets for a moment the gloomy history of the past."

Selected.

## Time's Soliloquy.

OLD! call you me? Aye! when the Almighty spoke creation into birth, I was there. Then was I born. Mid the bloom and verdure of Paradise, I gazed upon the young world radiant with celestial smiles. I rose upon the pinions of the first morn, and caught the sweet dew-drops as they fell and sparkled on the boughs of the gardens. Ere the foot of man was heard sounding in this wilderness, I gazed out on its thousand rivers, flashing in light, and reflecting the broad sun, like a thousand jewels upon their bosoms. The cataracts sent up their anthems in these solitudes, and none was here to listen to the new-born melody but I. The fawns bounded over the hills and drank at the limpid streams ages before an arm was raised to injure or make them afraid. For thousands of years the morning star rose in beauty upon those unpeopled shores, and its twin sister of the eve flamed in the forehead of the sky with no eye to admire their rays but mine! Babylon and Assyria, Palmyra and Thebes rose, flourished and fell, and I beheld them in their glory and their decline. Scarce a melancholy ruin marks the place of their existence; but when their first stones were laid on the earth I was there! Mid all their splendor, glory and wickedness, I was in their busy streets, and crumbling their magnificent palaces to the earth. My books will show a long and fearful account against them. I control the fate of empires—I give them their period of glory and splendor; but at their birth I conceal in them the seeds of death and decay. They must go down and be humbled in the dust—their heads bowed down before the rising glories of young nations, to whose prosperity there will also come a date and a day of decline. I poise my wings over the earth, and watch the course and doings of its inhabitants. I call up the violets upon the hill and crumble the gray ruins to the ground. I am the agent of a Higher Power, to give life and take it away. I spread silken tresses upon the brow of the young, and plant gray hairs on the head of the aged man. Dimples and smiles, at my bidding, lurk around the lips of the innocent child, and I furrow the brow of the aged with wrinkles. Old, call you me? Aye, but when will my days be numbered?—When will thine end, and eternity begin? When will the earth and its waters, and the universe be rolled together, and a new world commence its revolutions? Not till He who first bid me begin my flight, so orders it. When His purposes, who called me into being, are accomplished, then, and not till then—and no one can proclaim the hour—I too, shall go to the place of all living.

The most beautiful, touching, grand, yet simple piece of composition in our language, is the Lord's prayer. Of the 69 words it contains, all but five are from the Saxon. So are the words home, wife, child, mother—indeed all the words expressive of tenderness.

## Answer to J. P.'s Enigma.

You are composed of 13 letters.

Your 1, 6, 10, 18, 11, is ..... *Berea*;  
 " 2, 5, 1, 11, 17, 14, ..... *Albany*;  
 " 3, 7, 10, 7, 12, 4, 7, ..... *Toronto*;  
 " 4, 14, 10, 6, ..... *Tyre*;  
 " 5, 16, 8, 8, 18, 14, ..... *Liffey*;  
 " 6, 10, 16, 12, 6, ..... *Erine*;  
 " 7, 12, 18, 10, ..... *Oner*;  
 " 8, 7, 10, 3, 15, 2, 14, 12, 18, ..... *Fort Wayne*;  
 " 9, 2, 10, 2, 4, 11, 10, 16, 11, ..... *Barataria*;  
 " 10, 6, 13, ..... *Red*;  
 " 11, 13, 18, 10, ..... *Alder*;  
 " 12, 16, 5, 18, ..... *Nile*;  
 " 13, 7, 17, ..... *Don*;  
 " 14, 16, 1, 11, 5, ..... *Yibal*;  
 " 15, 16, 6, 10, ..... *Wier*;  
 " 16, 12, 13, 16, 11, 17, 2, ..... *Indiana*;  
 " 17, 16, 5, 18, ..... *Nile*;  
 " 18, 10, 16, 6, ..... *Erie*.

## Geographical Enigma.—Acrostical.

I am composed of 21 letters.

My 1,6,18,9, a tribe of Indians in British America;  
 " 2,1,20,17, one of the United States;  
 " 3,20,8,9, a river in Africa;  
 " 4,5,8,9,14,3,15, a city in France;  
 " 5,2,15,15, a county in Ohio;  
 " 6,15,20,14, one of the divisions of the Globe;  
 " 7,9,3,20, a river in South America;  
 " 8,20,13,6, a city in Pennsylvania;  
 " 9,10,20,9, a lake in the United States;  
 " 10,4,18,2,21,10,17, a town in Canada;  
 " 11,4,18,2, a cape on the coast of South America;  
 " 12,5,9, a mountain in Europe;  
 " 13,4,17,21, a mountain in Africa;  
 " 14,10,11,9,21,15, a city in Greece;  
 " 15,16,20,17, an island in the Archipelago;  
 " 16,6,15,15, a county in Michigan;  
 " 17,5,2,3,12,16,4, a river in South America;  
 " 18,6,20,15,20,3, a river in Michigan;  
 " 19,11,20,10,9, a sea in Europe;  
 " 20,4,19,14, one of the United States;  
 " 21,2,5,10,1, one of the points of the Compass.  
 My whole is the name of a distinguished Statesman  
 and member of Congress.

Answer next week.

W. S.

## EXCERPTS.

"The grave is not deep. It is the luminous footprint of an angel who is seeking us. When the unknown hand sends the last arrow at the head of man, he bows his head, and the arrow only strikes from his wounds the crown of thorns.

"How sweet is the reflection that God, and not man is the judge of all hearts.

"HAVE any wounded you with injuries, meet them with patience; hasty words rattle the wound, kind language dresses it, forgiveness cures it and oblivion takes away the scar.

"What a beautiful lesson is taught in these words of Sterne: "So quickly sometimes has the wheel of fortune turned round, that many a man has lived to enjoy the benefit of that charity which his own piety projected.

"No man should be ashamed of the occupation which secures to him an honest livelihood.

"A MAN cannot always tell whether his ideas are stolen or not. We take a thought that we love, and nurse it like a babe in our bosom, and if it looks pretty when it has grown older, we flatter ourselves that it has a family likeness.

TEMPERANCE puts wood on the fire, flour in the barrel, meat in the tub, vigor in the body and intelligence in the brain.

As they who for every slight infirmity, take physic to repair their health, do rather impair it—so they, who for every trifle, are eager to vindicate their character, do rather weaken it.

TIME is what we want, but what we use worst, and for which we must all account when time shall be no more.

## THE HUMORIST.

Selected.

RATHER POINTED.—An American lady the other day was rather boastfully enumerating the different languages she could speak; a young lady asked her if she spoke English.

"Pa, is dogs got wings?  
 Wings? No, child! don't you know better than that?

Why, pa, this paper says a big dog flew at a man and bit him. So, I guess dogs is got wings, too.

"A western preacher, in his efforts to give his hearers the most enchanting ideas of heaven, held forth thus:

"Be assured, brethren, any description of it falls short of reality as much as Little Mud Creek is transcended by the Mississippi! Heaven is—Heaven is—oh my dear hearers—it is a real Kentucky of a place!"

"Napoleon, in a perilous circumstance, gave an order difficult to execute, and was represented to him that the thing was impossible. "Impossible!" said he, with emphasis, "THAT word is not French!"

HOW TO DO IT.—"What a pretty little child that is," said the schoolmaster to Mrs —, "its countenance is so expressive. Why, madam, how very much it looks like you!" Our schoolmaster said he never had a better boarding place after that.

"We believe it was Horace Walpole who related the following anecdote of a gentleman, which he declared to be the most excellent solecism that he ever heard of.

"Two friends were walking together, when they were accosted by a beggar woman. One of the gentlemen gave her a bonus, but the other turned away with evident symptoms of disgust. Upon the first enquiring the reason, the latter replied—"Sir, I cannot tolerate the sight of that hag. Formerly, she was a nurse in the village, and when I was an infant, I was committed to her charge. She was unfortunately the mother of a child of my own age; and sir, incredible as such perfidy may seem, it is the conviction of my friends and myself, that she exchanged me!"

"A gentleman observing an Irish servant girl, who was left-handed, placing the knives and forks on the table in the same awkward position, remarked to her that she was laying them left-handed.

"Och, indade!" said she, "so I have—be pleased, sir, to help me turn the table round."

"I do not wish to say anything against the individual in question," said a very polite and accomplished gentleman, upon a certain occasion, "but I would merely remark in the language of the poet, that to him "truth is strange, stranger than fiction."

"Moderation is best in all things. This is the reason that so many people have a moderate portion of brains.

"He has reformed and behaves much better," as the rich family said of the poor relation, when a legacy was left him.

"The mechanic, sir, is God's nobleman." This is only true when he behaves himself and is an honest man. He is frequently no better than a lawyer, a physician, or a member of the upper five dozen.

"I NEVER complained of my condition," says the Persian poet Sadi, "but once when my feet were bare and I had no money to buy shoes; but I met a man without feet, and became contented with my lot."

## THE AMARANTH:

A SEMI-MONTHLY PUBLICATION, DEVOTED TO POLITE LITERATURE, SCIENCE, POETRY AND AMUSEMENT.

THE above is the title of a small semi-monthly sheet which the undersigned will issue from the office of the "ASHLAND STANDARD."

In submitting this Prospectus, the Editor is encouraged by the belief that a periodical paper is required by the friends of a pure literature; and this encouragement gathers strength from the reflection that his enterprise is about to be commenced in this Heaven-favored portion of the world—the Garden of the Great West—in the midst of a community proverbial for liberality, intelligence and enterprise,—whose abundance will enable them to extend an adequate patronage to any object which they may deem worthy of their support.

Nearly all attempts to establish Literary Papers in the West have heretofore failed. Why? Because we have been too much in the habit of patronizing the overgrown Weeklies of the East. Hundreds of thousands of these publications find their way to the West and take the place of Western papers, to the great detriment of our interests as a people. It is not because the literary talent of the East is superior to that of the West that their papers flourish, whilst ours either perish or are compelled to drag out a miserable existence, in the vain hope of a brighter dawning. On the contrary, many of the best articles contained in the Eastern papers are furnished by Western writers, in consideration for a patronizing love-pat, or an occasional word bestowed in vindication of "Western Literature!" Withdraw Western patronage and Western talent from these mammoth monopolies, and their vaunted "fifty thousand subscribers" will dwindle into hundreds. Three-fourths of their patronage is drawn from the West!

This is an absolute evil, and to reform it will be one of our main objects. It shall be our aim to build up a pure Home Literature—to foster and encourage Western Talent and Western Genius—to furnish a caskey wherein to enshrine the choicest gems, both of prose and poetry; in short, to make THE AMARANTH what its title would seem to indicate—a never-fading flower, which shall neither offend the vision nor disturb the sensibilities of its patrons.

THE AMARANTH will be published TWICE A MONTH, on a half-medium sheet, printed on new type—of which this is a sample—and furnished to subscribers at FIFTY CENTS a year—IN ADVANCE! It will be chiefly original, and contain, at the end of the year, 104 closely printed pages—making a beautiful and valuable volume for binding. No advertisements or standing notices will be admitted.

R. V. KENNEDY,

Feb. 18, 1847.

Editor and Publisher.

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